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# GEE AITCH 43

No. 29. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Sunday, June 8, 1919

## 12th Infantry Base Ballers of Camp Stuart Here Today

Twenty-four Men Discharged—Leave Early This Week

### BASEBALL.

Today the Locals line-up vs. the 12th Infantry team of Camp Stuart. This team has won from the Regulars and a tough battle is predicted. Be out, you fans.

### GOING, GOING.

They have grown up and now are to leave our home circle out into the great wide world that lies beyond. There in the land of the loose trousers and the four-in-hand tie; there, they will celebrate before the land goes dry. These men were examined yesterday, and will leave early next week with their certificate of duty well done, tucked safely in the hip of their jeans. We liked these boys, and their association was a pleasure to us. During the months that they have served, they have executed their duties cheerfully and well, and their "honorable" they have well earned.

Daniel Vesuvius McGeehan, Hospital Sergeant and property man will be missed most of all. Kindly of heart and with a total absence of hard-boiled property sergeant's characteristics, the boys always found him willing and helpful and courteous when they called round for the "russets" and "khaki" on issue day. We would like to keep him here, but back home a call comes for his usefulness there, and we are sure that a warm welcome awaits him.

Sgt. 1st c. Basil N. Plumer runs in a close second, and then Sgt. 1st c. Joseph C. Keefe and Sgt. Arlie O. Boswell. Cpls. Carl O. Dewald and Hobart F. Hardman, and so on down the line of Pvts. 1st c. Charles J. W. Ellis, Arnold Schilit, Joseph Mur-

usky, Herbert E. McFarland, John D. Sharar, Bryce S. Gardner, Clarence S. Hope, Alphonsus F. McKenkie and Charles T. Lightfoot, AND Pvts. Jesse Deaton, Elie McCaslin, Jacob Kinsley, Morson L. Strickland, Christopher S. Shaw, Ivan Medlin, Walter Weaver Herman Yeater, and Ernest U. Tuck.

Good boys, all and their leave-taking will be felt by a host of friends that they leave behind them. Au Revoir, boys, Adieux!

### THE POST INDUSTRIOUS.

The out-state spirit dominates on the Post, and it is everywhere evident that we are stepping far and wide ahead of the characteristic Virginia progressiveness. It would indeed be hard to locate another state which has as poorly improved and poorly kept highways as the fore mentioned state. We all know how utterly impossible it was to ride any vehicle in comfort, even on the streets of this little city of ours. And who is there who has not noted with appreciation the vast and rapid improvement that these arteries have undergone in the last few weeks. The place takes on a new appearance, and very forcibly declares to us that there is a presence of American pride progressivism in our organization. Not only that, but it was the fulfillment of a need, and when this work is completed, it seems that it should be the next thing to a Post perfect. The place is beautiful in itself, designed artistically and situated on one of the most historical spots in the United States. It is well that its condition be kept up to a high standard, as is being done.

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Published every day, except Monday,  
and devoted to the interests of  
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ton, Va.

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## Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,  
commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field  
director.

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## Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson  
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning  
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

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## Officer of the Day:

Sunday—Lieut. Howard.

Monday—Lieut. Merkel.

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Sunday, June 8, 1919.

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Germany's latest claim is a lot like  
the suit of a drunk and disorderly  
rough-neck against a policeman who  
stained his shirt with blood from a  
few necessary club raps.

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The Germans demand an American  
instead of a European peace. They  
don't seem to realize that, while a  
European peace will deprive them of  
their colonies, an American peace  
would deprive them of their beer.—  
Exchange.

\* \* \*

The thing you believe will prob-  
ably benefit you—faith is hygienic.

—Elbert Hubbard.

\* \* \*

The power to appreciate is a nat-  
ural gift or an acquisition. It is  
more often acquired than received  
as a gift. It is likely that both ap-  
preciation and depreciation are pres-  
ent in the characters of all individ-  
uals, and that an act of the human  
will is required to predominate the  
one or the other.

As a basis for thought, let us ac-  
cept the latter supposition and pro-  
ceed, in an endeavor to construct a  
train of thought which shall give us  
some inspiration and a system of  
ideas that shall be of direct benefit to  
our individual characters.

We very soon approach the idea  
of freedom or the right of choice.  
When we arrive on this ground for  
thought, it is not hard to come to a  
realization that we are treading on  
sacred soil. Ever since the begin-  
ning of the race, the right to choose  
between two oppositions has been the  
right which has been held up in men's  
ideals as the "pearl of great price,"  
—the stake for which a red-blooded  
man will sacrifice "all that he hath,"  
including life itself.

An act of the character just men-  
tioned in the "sumum benum" of ap-  
preciation. "Great love hath no man  
than this that a man lay down his life  
for his friend." This, we observe to  
be the height of appreciation. Let  
us now have an instance of its depths.

There is no hypocrisy in apprecia-  
tion. We refer you to that kind of  
honor which is displayed by great  
men after they have made their high  
mark in the world. They are not too  
much elevated above the mass to ac-  
knowledge the original sources of  
their power. Though the brow of  
the parents be wrinkled with age and  
care and their form stooped with the  
passing of the years, these giants of  
character, our truly great men, de-  
light to do them honor and thus ful-  
fill the law.

The American home has had its  
testing. It has stood the test in a  
manner that has been both a revela-  
tion and a joyous surprise to the  
world. Having been tried with fire,  
and found "nothing wanting," the  
hour has struck when the seed of the  
American home should be given the  
Liberty of the earth,—not for ag-  
grandizement, not for selfish gratifi-  
cation, but that it may be presented  
to Him who made it, "a star of the  
first magnitude," "without spot  
and without blemish." This is the  
proper ideal for the American home.  
No lesser ideal is worthy of the con-  
sideration or acceptance of Ameri-



can citizenship. This is the super "sumum bonum" of appreciation; it is gratitude to the All-in-All for His benefactions of the preceding ages.

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## ECHO OF YESTERDAY'S INSPECTION.

Officer: "Have you mopped that floor yet?"

Private: "No."

Officer: "No what?"

Private: "No mop."

(Moral: 7 day's K. P.)

## ONION CROP BLIGHTED.

The mess officer told the editor that because of an unknown cause, his onion crop is rapidly taking on the appearance of a failure. No doubt, all of you who eat—on the Post—have noted that this old reliable ingredient of army chow has been totally absent from our meals for many days. Have you been sorry, or have you been glad? But now, he may try to purchase another onion farm or trade for one, as he thinks we need this ration badly, for our physical upkeep. Onions is what they is, but we don't like them. We hope he doesn't barter away the beef herd for an onion patch, lest the purpose of our mess (to substantiate life) will be lost entirely. Oh, ye gods!

## OVER SEAS.

(Contribution by Pvt. H. D. Clark, Ward 11.)

A certain soldier after serving three months in the guard house for disobedience of orders was duly released. Seeing the captain in the orderly room, he asked for permission to speak to him, which was granted. "Captain," said the soldier, "I have served three months in the guard house, and as you know could not get away. I would like to get a pass, please." The captain, without a moment's hesitation, said, "About face, forward march." About ten days later, a telegram arrived for the captain. It read thus: "Dear captain, am still marching. Please tell me when to stop."

## AROUND THE POST.

Sgt. Bernard seems to have recently found a new friend at this Post, and was seen acting in the capacity of guide to him. Of course this person is none other than Mr. Rosenfeld, J. W. B. worker, lately arrived from Lakewood, N. J., to attend to the interests of the patients hereabouts. Welcome to our midst, Mr. Rosenfeld.

—o—

The Red Cross "bouncer" Harnley, better known to his friends as "Heinie," is the proud possessor of a neatly trimmed piece of "Chaplin Charlie" upper lip, not to forget the daintily massaged and well raked crop of covering his clever brain,—for all of which the barber deserves due and fitting credit. Don't miss the scenery when over to the Red Cross Convalescent House.

—o—

An anonymous close friend of Sgt. Hosey's inquires whether he is in love with the Army, as he seems eager and impatient about signing up for another enlistment. Let your conscience be your guide in this matter, Sarge.

—o—

Slow, but sure method, Wischy, that stunt of "rolling 'em to wealth."

—o—

The Lakewooders' new anthem: "What a wonderful oil can you've turned out to be, Managhan." Going big! A real Hit!

—o—

Sid Kline reports the mystery cleared up concerning the lost valuable papers (discharge, of course) and hopes to be a close second to Porterfield very soon.

—o—

Inquisitive One: "What on earth made you pick the air service?"

Pvt. Peterson: "Well, if you don't like it, there are lots of chances of dropping out."

—o—

## How About This, Lieut. Wells?

A young lady would like to meet a gentleman who has money to burn. He will find her a good match.

## MEMORIES.

(By Corp. L. Simmons, Ward 7.)

The setting was a little park in Virginia. The grass had gained a fair start in springtime. The in-valid boys were out for their afternoon's airing in the park.

A man, elderly and weather-beaten, smooth face except for mustache, sat driving a horse-drawn mower with which he was putting the finishing touches to the lawn of the little park. He and his faithful horse seemed to fit the landscape in a manner most natural. One could not help but want to talk with him.

His conversation was direct and interesting, as that of men who live close to nature usually is. He related some of the moving facts connected with the history of the surrounding locality. How that the ground on which the park and its adjoining hospital stood was made ground,—that at one time its location was a swamp. How that a certain gentleman who formerly lived in a nearby mansion had met with a serious accident some years ago,—had fallen in his boat and so ruptured his heart that death followed. How that this gentleman had been a man of affairs,—a keen and highly intelligent business man. How that he had promoted the welfare of the adjoining community and the nearby town. One could not help but marvel at the apparent “deep damnation” of his taking off. And yet, who knows but that the hand of the Great Spirit was here at work, shaping events for the fulfillment of some of his master designs for the betterment of mankind and the uplifting of the race of men.

Our narrator also spoke of some of his own experiences as a soldier in “the war for the preservation of the Union.” He expressed great regret that so many fine young men should have been incapacitated by the present war.

His hearer could not refrain from offering some words of comfort and cheer to the old gentleman. The latter was reminded by his younger companion that youth is ever hopeful, ever bouyant; that the clean

spirit of “modern business” is wide awake and will solve all our perplexities in due time. That our splendid young American manhood, while somewhat depleted, has had its experience of calvary, which could not be avoided, and which has set at liberty those master forces in the hearts of young America, which shall produce prosperity, plenty and everlasting peace for all men and women.

## DARWIN WAS RIGHT.

The spectacle that Post dwellers witnessed yesterday morning would tend to convince us once again that when our equilibrium partially deserts us, back we go to the traits of our ancient ancestors, the anthepoid, the ape.

Or maybe our climbing patient was thinking faster than we can follow. It may be this kid dwells in a sphere all his own—who knows? The chances are that he saw no relief from the energy defying southern atmosphere; for, guards to right of him and guards to left of him—not only that, but he may have seen stars beckoning him; stars, that out of the night wink back mysterious messages, secrets of the celestial world, and who would not seek the clean pure higher atmospheres of the starry heavens! Astrologers climb to the higher altitudes to learn the secrets of the blue above. What may not this patient have desired to learn?

## SCOOPS.

(By Pvt. Andre E. Paul, Ward 11.)

You can't break a “buck private” they say. How is it that I, a “buck private,” am always **broke**?

—o—

“What did you do in the Army?”  
“I dodged details.” (And it kept me busy.)

—o—

I once told my mess sergeant: “I know now why you are called a mess sergeant. It's because ‘you make a mess of it.’” And I never got “seconds” since.